


2023

## FROM THE NOTES APP

Marc Chiurco

Follow this and additional works at: <https://collected.jcu.edu/mastersessays>

 Part of the [Poetry Commons](#)

---

FROM THE NOTES APP

A Creative Project Submitted to the  
Graduate School of  
John Carroll University  
in Partial Fulfillment of the Requirements  
for the Degree of  
Master of Arts

By  
Marc Anthony Lee Chiurco  
2023

## Table of Contents

|                                                 |    |
|-------------------------------------------------|----|
| Critical Preface .....                          | 2  |
| Ode to My Notes App .....                       | 10 |
| “I hate (Cleveland) Ohio” – A guy from NC ..... | 12 |
| To the Girl Who Made Silly Faces .....          | 13 |
| For Lily .....                                  | 15 |
| That F■■ing Fiat .....                          | 16 |
| My Father’s Wedding .....                       | 17 |
| Welcome to Sublimity .....                      | 19 |
| Oil Worship .....                               | 20 |
| How I Get The News .....                        | 21 |
| Sticky Note .....                               | 22 |
| Melody .....                                    | 23 |
| My Brother’s Scar .....                         | 24 |
| Love Hurts The Body (A Collage) .....           | 25 |
| Cold Desert Moon .....                          | 26 |
| Ephemeroptera .....                             | 27 |
| The Morning Commute .....                       | 29 |
| Stories .....                                   | 30 |
| Honthorst’s Betrayal on Canvas .....            | 31 |
| Father’s Day ‘03 .....                          | 32 |
| Odessa .....                                    | 33 |
| home .....                                      | 34 |

## Critical Preface

Since before it took on its textual form, poetry has existed in the oral and aural traditions of our ancestors, with each new generation contributing to it their journeys, experiences, and memories. Poetry cannot exist without some relationship with the past; whether it accepts, rejects, or shows its indifference to the poetry that came before, there is a connection that must be had. Oftentimes this makes distinguishing one's own voice from those who came before a difficult task. Early on in my pursuit of a post-secondary degree, I found T.S Eliot's *Tradition and the Individual Talent*, where he states that we tend to find ourselves praising the aspects of poets' works that least resemble the works of their predecessors—equating clear differences from other poets with successful creativity. Yet, as Eliot points out, “we shall often find that not only the best, but the most individual parts of his [the poet's] work may be those in which the dead poets, his ancestors, assert their immortality most vigorously.” Inspired by Eliot's views on tradition, individuality, and becoming a self-sacrificing poet, I began to read and learn from older English speaking poets: Keats, Byron, Yeats, Poe, Wilde, and Auden. However, in my attempt to imitate past poets, I found myself writing lofty poems about things I didn't know with fanciful words that had no meaning.

I later found I had an affinity for modern and contemporary poetry, especially American poetry. I found the work of poets like Allen Ginsberg, Robert Creeley, e.e. cummings, and Amiri Baraka to be extremely liberating, freeing me from the mindset that all poetry needs to be formal or deal with greater metaphysical issues. American poetry, I found, is filled with politics and pop culture, fragmented sentences and modern vernacular. As I read, I discovered poets and poetry that I now understood and connected with more deeply than the poems I had previously fawned

over. Reading more modern and contemporary poets and theorists, I uncovered new insights into the poetic process. In the Black Mountain poet Charles Olson's essay, "Projective Voice", he holds breath as the central driving force in poetry. Breath conveys a personal connection between the poet and the reader. The poet in this way also passes what Olson refers to as a kinetic energy discharge: "A poem is energy transferred from where the poet got it (he will have some several causations), by way of the poem itself to, all the way over to, the reader." This energy is then given to readers to take away and use in their own works. Projective verse is formless and instead based upon the individual artist themselves and in this, the poem holds stories, opinions, experiences told to the reader. The Beats took this poetic energy a step farther, incorporating jazz and rhythm into their works. They also believed that poetry should be about lived experiences and tried to find new, unfettered, and authentic styles of writing. Inspired by these poetic movements, I have begun to concern myself more with the way the words sound coming off the page, the cadence, the music, and the movement of the piece.

Perhaps what draws me most to poetry is its undefinable nature. Living in this day and age, there is so much to draw from, so many styles, techniques, and takes on what poetry is, what makes a poem, and what makes a poet (or what is the role of the poet). Combining what I learned from the Romantics (Keats and Wordsworth mostly) and Modernists (like Eliot) with the more contemporary and American language and style, I found that much of my poetry is still drawn from the traditions of my ancestors melded with the contemporary vernacular and style. Though still honing my craft, I tend to find myself drawing inspiration from all over. Sometimes I do play the role of the "self-sacrificing poet" or the "chameleon poet" (as Keats would say) in my poems; in "Sticky Note," "home," and "For Lily," I find myself writing stories about,

relationships and experiences that have little to do with my life. In other poems, like “My Brother’s Scar,” I draw from deeper emotions and lived experiences to tell the story of my brother and me.

My collection *From the Notes App* is an amalgamation of everything I have learned and experimented with over the past two years, as well as the by-product of the times, not just in subject matter but in terms of the way that it was inspired and created. My memory is not the worst, nor is it the strongest, as I tend to find myself forgetting important dates, times, or thoughts, etc. What does not help is that today we are constantly inundated with a barrage of text messages, emails, and mobile app notifications on a daily basis. At times it feels as though there is such an overwhelming number of other voices speaking at once that it becomes hard to distinguish which one is your own. So, where then can we find some respite from the bustling voices of today? For me, the answer lies in my Notes App—a compromise between staying connected and nurturing creativity.

When I was working on an oil field in the West Texas sun, I found myself wanting to keep a log of what I found interesting, so I used my Notes App to record my experiences and eventually wrote them out as poems on my phone. The opening poem, “Ode to My Notes App”, sets the tone for the rest of the collection. The first stanza reads:

The safe in which I keep  
My most intimate thoughts  
And Netflix passwords;  
The “I love you buts”  
And “remember to grab milk;”

Ideas for new stories  
That will never be written  
And birthday reminders  
That I'll soon forget are there

These first few lines of the poem highlight the medium in which the poem is being written. This is a phone application, a tool. Its purpose exists beyond the art of writing poetry, but there is also something intimate about the privacy that it allows. The partial love letters are contrasted by the mundane reminder to pick up groceries, showing the ultimate randomness of the contents of this Notes App. The mention of ideas for new stories and the birthday reminders are a humorous way to connect to the shared experiences of the reader.

The second stanza lists more examples of what's in the Notes App and well as personifying it. Addressing the Notes App as "you" and ending with "That you have grown/ Far too accustomed to" implies that the relationship between the speaker and the app is an intimate and long-lasting relationship. Stanza three further emphasizes and confirms the importance of the app to the writer while expressing great gratitude towards it.

The fourth stanza is perhaps the most important as it gives the most insight into how to approach the poetry of the Notes App and, in this case, the poetry of this collection. It reads:

The poetry of you  
Is a reflection of me  
An experiment of life  
No structure,  
No lines,

No order or rhyme,  
A couple taps away  
From being deleted.  
So, before I change  
My mind

The poetry found in this collection is for the most part biographical or at least in some ways has a deeper connection with who I am. The poetry is also experimental and new. Throughout the collection there are different styles, formats, and subjects; the poems are an attempt to find my voice as a poet. When the stanza lists “No structure,/ No lines,/ No order or rhyme,” it is meant to be self-contradictory. There clearly is some structure, whether loose or not is in how you read it. The collection has recurring themes and motifs and many of them have to do with my family, particularly the men in my life. The end of this stanza also shows the fleeting nature of creativity. Sometimes things are lost, sometimes they are destroyed on purpose. Either way, nothing is set in stone.

There is no one way to read this collection, though I purposefully spaced out some of the more emotional poems, as I believe levity is important so as not to overwhelm the reader with one particular emotion. Some poems might spark laughter, some confusion, and others might draw on strong emotions (hopefully unforced and without too much sentiment). It is important to keep in mind as one reads the collection that, again, not all poems are one hundred percent from my experiences. In some ways, all writing is autobiographical—drawing from similar experiences and emotions—but that does not mean that all the events are accurate to my life. For instance, my poem "Sticky Note" was inspired by Frank O'Hara's "Lana Turner Has Collapsed,"



and also incorporates the style of William Carlos Williams. The poem is not from my own perspective but from the perspective of a woman who finds her husband is cheating on her and subsequently leaves him a message on a sticky note. It reads:

I found the note you left me on  
Yellow paper with blue ink stuck  
To the counter a big smile after  
The words “Be back for dinner,  
Love you”  
And in the afternoon I made  
Mom’s lasagna and the phone  
Rang ‘Gonna be late too much  
Paperwork to finish’ and I knew  
Jessica was there with her tight  
Skirt and dangling earrings and I  
Could hear the laughter as the  
Location on the phone said 52nd  
& Broadway when you work on  
46th & Madison and the oven  
Dinged and I burnt my hand on  
Pan cause I forgot to wear mitts  
Clumsy me Clueless me haha  
Your dinner is in the microwave

The poem does not directly address the issue but instead indirectly reveals it, putting together the same pieces that the narrator had to in order to discover the infidelity in the first place. The poem is devastating and searing in its realizations and elisions. Its slippages in line and syntax aid to the chaos that is the note. It is but a residue of a life and of memory. Her burn at the end is an example of how that which becomes immortalized is not always of our choosing.

This collection is the start of something I hope to continue in my years to come as I continue to develop my voice as a poet. I want my poetry to last, to have meaning beyond what is on paper. I want to connect deeply with the readers whether they have been through similar situations or just have an understanding of the feelings, emotions, and experiences shared in my work. I hope to continue to write in my Notes App and share the randomness and beauty that is the human mind—the human experience. And I encourage anyone reading this to do the same.

## Works Cited

Eliot, T. S. "Tradition and the Individual Talent by T. S. Eliot." *Poetry Foundation*,  
[www.poetryfoundation.org/articles/69400/tradition-and-the-individual-talent](http://www.poetryfoundation.org/articles/69400/tradition-and-the-individual-talent).

Olson, Charles. "Projective Verse by Charles Olson." *Poetry Foundation*,  
[www.poetryfoundation.org/articles/69406/projective-verse](http://www.poetryfoundation.org/articles/69406/projective-verse).

## Ode to My Notes App

The safe in which I keep  
My most intimate thoughts  
And Netflix passwords;  
The “I love you buts”  
And “remember to grab milk;”  
Ideas for new stories  
That will never be written  
And birthday reminders  
That I’ll soon forget are there

You are a medley  
Of famous quotes,  
Vocab words and  
Confirmation numbers,  
Spliced between the  
3 AM poetry,  
(most left half written)  
That you have grown  
Far too accustomed to

You are my memory  
In digital,  
Typed on a 5” screen  
Uploaded to  
The cloud,  
You are a  
Catalog of thought  
My art, my work,  
And the place I store  
Brownie recipes.

The poetry of you  
Is a reflection of me  
An experiment of life  
No structure,  
No lines,  
No order or rhyme,

A couple taps away  
From being deleted.  
So, before I change  
My mind

Here's another  
One  
For your archive

## **“I hate (Cleveland) Ohio” – A guy from NC**

I fucking hate Ohio.  
I hate waking up to gray skies  
And parking in the streets.  
I hate the hot ass summers  
And the winters that just don't end,  
And the drivers up here suck (no offense).  
I hate the potholes and the Tim Misny billboards  
That stare you down as you drive I-77.  
I hate the cold shoulders and lack of southern hospitality.  
I hate that y'all took “the birthplace of aviation;”  
You know they tested their plane in Kitty Hawk, right?

I hate that when the snow first falls I still get excited  
And the city lights make me feel like I'm in a movie.  
I hate that when I go to a game  
I root for the home team.  
I hate that when I take the back roads  
I can drive hours looking out over the green.  
I hate that when I *can* see the sunrise over Lake Erie  
It takes my breath away.  
I hate that I've just begun to find a new home here  
And good friends that I'm going to miss.  
I hate that my time here is almost over.  
I hate Cleveland, Ohio  
Sometimes

## To the Girl Who Made Silly Faces

Dad had collapsed again,  
This time in a salon, of all places.  
I sat in that waiting room unsure of what was happening  
But sure that I was supposed to feel sad  
Because, everyone else was feeling sad  
And mom paced around the room, waiting.

That's when I started to get upset,  
Frustrated that no one wanted to play Power Rangers.  
And as I threw around stale Cheerios  
I saw you. You weren't much older than me.  
You wore a blue top with spaghetti straps and unicorns.  
Your hair was yellow and on your foot was a pink cast  
Which you let me sign later.

I remember your gapped front teeth,  
The eyes you crossed,  
And the tongue that could touch your nose.  
I laughed and you changed your face,  
Furrowing your eyebrows and  
Imitating my pout.

I remember your mom telling you to cut it out,  
And when she turned you pretended to poke at her butt.  
When I calmed down you hobbled over,  
Picking up the Yellow Ranger and asking me my name.

And I can't remember your name.

For those few moments in the hospital waiting room  
I forgot where I was.  
Before your name was called you gave me a hug  
And told me to hug my mom  
So I did, but I didn't know why.

You left and I went back to my toys and cereal,  
Making funny faces at mom,

Waiting for my dad to come play.



## **For Lily**

I'll sit and wait for you  
Where the wander lily grows  
And the sweet pine sap  
Sticks to bare toes.

The sun doesn't rise there,  
It only sets  
And the lonely river fisherman  
Catches salmon in his net.

The mountain to the east  
Takes up all the sky,  
Casting shadows on the meadow valley  
Where peacefully we'd lie.

The moon is always full,  
Lighting up the night.  
The unmarked stars  
Countless in our sight

There will be a peaceful rest  
A land, absent of distress.  
Where the wander lily grows  
There, I pray my Lily goes.

## That F[REDACTED]ing Fiat

I don't have a favorite car,  
But I do have a least favorite,  
It is a Volare Blue Fiat 500  
License plate [REDACTED]

That little Italian is always  
Teasing me, hiding behind  
SUVs and Sedans  
Half their size but  
Occupying their same space

I see no shadow in that spot,  
Which invites me to park  
With perfidious encouragement,  
Getting me all excited  
Before cockblocking me  
With a foreign 4-cylinder engine.

It's smug Torinese grin  
Telling me  
I should have woken up  
Just an hour sooner.

## **My Father's Wedding**

I found an old photo of you  
In an envelope that read **Kodak VPS 5026**.  
In blue ink were the words "Wedding Day."  
I brushed the dust off the undeveloped film,  
Careful not to leave my fingerprints.

I held it to the light  
Trying to make out the figure dancing around the room.  
There you are at the forefront in a rented tux,  
Your impressive belly, not quite impressive as I remember it,  
Held back by the white dress shirt.

You stand with your back straight and tall,  
Your left hand crossed over your chest,  
Your right, high above your head,  
Like a matador  
After taking down a bull.

You look so happy here,  
At 23. So young to be married.  
Younger than I am now. But  
I suppose you knew  
How much time you have left with that heart.

And you wanted to share it with the girl  
Who'd been at your side since you were three.  
Who you played barbie with when no one else wanted to  
The girl who said she wanted to marry you  
Before she knew what marriage was.

That night, I was told, you sang your heart out to Billy Joel,  
Drank far too much wine, danced with every aunt and cousin.  
And you got up on stage and belted out the Joe Dolce song you used to love,  
And everyone laughed when you got mom's Chinese cousins  
To sing along to the words, *A Shaddap-a You Face!*

I imagine that you told your Ma you loved her,

That she was still your girl.  
And your brothers wouldn't let you sit and you didn't want to anyway.  
And at the end of the night you slow danced with your Uptown girl.  
Whispering you love her  
And promising more nights like this,

Where you're still dancing  
In the silent negative,  
Trembling in the fingers of your son.

## Welcome to Sublimity

“Welcome to sublimity,” I heard him say.  
My skin was clammy, my eyes dry.  
The candlelight flickered, casting shadows up above.  
The room breathed around me,  
the popcorn ceiling reaching for my face.  
Muse played, pulsating through my body like a new heartbeat.  
*(M-m-m-m-m-m-m-m, mad, mad, mad)*  
Spinning. Everything was spinning. Or was it tilting? Back and forth.  
The white elephants on his tapestry marched in circles  
Along the flowing red sea of silk.  
The vibrations and flashing lights twisted at my intestines,  
An ever expanding barbwire pit. I wanted to yell  
But I could not speak, I had no mouth and could not scream,  
The acid burned my tongue, the devil was in my throat.  
*“Why did I ever listen to him?”*  
I ran outside. And as the sun washed over me  
I could breathe. The cool air filled my lungs,  
I stretched out in the grass watching the clouds turn into cotton candy.  
The sky: blue, then purple, then blue again,  
Before the stars freckled the atmosphere.  
And he came out to lay on the field with me  
“It’s beautiful, isn’t it?” he said, “being here, fully present?”  
I was at peace for a moment. Until the Earth stopped breathing  
And he went on about chemicals and how I should be feeling  
and what I should be doing with this time. Like a woodpecker  
Knocking and nagging, knocking and nagging at me.  
I ran again, back to my room, laying on my bed, soft Filipino music played in the dark,  
And for a moment I understood a language I had never heard spoken before.  
In minutes it was gone. The euphoria had faded and, though my mind returned,  
My body continued to flinch as waves moved through my nerves.  
The music faded. And the vivid colors of life were washed away.

So I forced myself to sleep  
For maybe in dreams I could learn to feel again.

## **Oil Worship**

Three great silos of sand  
Stood tall on the frac pad altar;  
Monuments to the gods of oil.

I listened as  
The choir of engines hummed  
One industrious song, and the  
High Priest raised his crosier drill high  
Before plunging it into the mountain below.

As they filled the earth,  
Choking her with chemicals,  
Sand, and water. She fed us back our  
Sweet dark elixir.

The lifeblood of the American Way.

## **How I Get The News**

I found out about the war in Ukraine  
Through Tik Tok.

Between learning how to make pickles  
And which crypto to buy, I watched  
As the woman walked up to the soldier  
with a handful of sunflower seeds.  
I shook in my bed as the bombs exploded  
Through my screen the children crying  
As they say goodbye to their fathers,  
I listened to the jet engines hum a song of resistance  
And the Ghost of Kyiv made more ghosts.  
I prayed with the faithful, whose churches  
Reduced to rubble, still believed.

And then I watched a video on the history of peanut butter.

## Sticky Note

I found the note you left me on  
Yellow paper with blue ink stuck  
To the counter a big smile after  
The words 'Be back for dinner,  
Love you'  
And in the afternoon I made  
Mom's lasagna and the phone  
Rang 'Gonna be late too much  
Paperwork to finish' and I knew  
Jessica was there with her tight  
Skirt and dangling earrings and I  
Could hear the laughter as the  
Location on the phone said 52nd  
& Broadway when you work on  
46th & Madison and the oven  
Dinged and I burnt my hand on  
Pan cause I forgot to wear mitts  
Clumsy me Clueless me haha  
Your dinner is in the microwave



## **Melody**

She masks the dissonance in man's mind  
Speaks calming whispers to discordant souls  
Makes light the heavy hearts with song

She dances on the ivory keys  
And tip toes on the trumpet valves  
She moves along the cello strings  
And whistles with the flautist's mouths

Melody, she moves me  
Sustains my heart when day is long  
I'll cherish her forever  
I'll miss her when she's gone

## **My Brother's Scar**

It's a scary thing to look at,  
That scar on his chest.  
To know what it meant  
and how he got it.  
To think, Dad had one just like it.

I always wondered what they saw  
When they opened him up.  
Did they see my brother?  
Did they see his memories  
Flowing in those veins?

When they sliced his chest,  
Cracked his ribs.  
Did they hear him singing?  
Proudly belting Piano Man as we  
Played it on repeat down 45?

When they hooked him up to a bypass.  
Did they feel his thick calloused hands  
Hug me and tell me  
Dad would be proud  
That I walked that stage at graduation.

When they stitched him up  
Did they catch a glimpse  
Of the love he has  
And still has to give?

Did they catch all that  
when they gave him this scar?

## **Love Hurts The Body (A Collage)**

*How do I love thee? Let me count the ways.*

This morning he told me  
i like your body. i like what it does,  
The gaunt thing  
Caught in that sensual music all neglect  
and fastened by red ribbons

Not like the brazen giant of Greek fame  
Every scar is mine  
Each nerve more loosely strung?  
The black Maria that I see—  
sadness takes me all over  
I lie on my back at midnight  
Deep into that darkness peering,

To be in love

## **Cold Desert Moon**

We laid there in the \$10  
Gas station blanket,  
Trying to make out  
The constellations  
Dulled by the floodlight  
Of the desert moon.  
The freezing wind,  
Biting away at exposed skin,

We huddled together, tightly  
Embracing,  
Our legs and bodies interwoven  
As I tried to share  
The oversized winter coat  
I had let her use for warmth.

Staring into her moonlit eyes  
My body numb,  
My heart alive.

Shivering she pulled me closer and  
I asked for the cold  
To last  
Just a little bit  
Longer

## **Ephemeroptera**

ephemeroptera,  
they call me,  
short-lived  
with wings,  
my day  
a lifetime of  
fleeting moments.  
my purpose...

i am born,  
i breed,  
i die.  
i am the mayfly.

and may i fly

high above  
the water,  
may i break my  
larval shell,  
may i spread  
my wings and  
escape this  
cursed existence,

may i live to  
see tomorrow,  
to see the sunrise  
above this pond  
filled with dancing  
frogs and trout  
who call for me  
to dance with them.

may i live to  
find love  
in this dark

cloud of kin,  
and may our love  
be fruitful.

for if i cannot  
fly tomorrow  
may my children  
fly in may.

## **The Morning Commute**

Here lies the fawn  
On a backcountry  
West Virginia road,  
Its tawny fur speckled  
With white stars.  
Its struggling legs  
Outstretched to catch itself.  
A Ford F-250 logo  
Imprinted on its head  
Mixed with sanguine juices  
Viscous amber oil and  
Green mountain grass,  
An American lithograph.

Here is Bambi's mother  
Hidden in the deep green  
The sky behind her, gray.  
Far away from her slaughtered  
Calf, the inadvertent sacrifice  
Of a morning commute.  
Head turned upward,  
Her face unaware,  
Yet, motherly eyes peer deep  
And loss enters,  
Felt before known.  
And the butchers drive away.

## Stories

That summer is spent inside  
Taking the road less traveled  
By, with Robert Frost, unraveled  
My thoughts and dreams collide.

Harry Potter's lightning scar,  
R. L. Stine's Goosebumps,  
I run amongst the tree stumps,  
Where the Wild Things are.

Imagination running free,  
The boxcar kids and  
Me, would take the train to Neverland  
And dream of what could be.

My mother tucks me in and holds me tight,  
Telling me of my father's love  
As he watches from above  
Living in the story of my dreams tonight.



## Honthorst's Betrayal on Canvas

Here he sleeps on his lover's lap,  
The man who slayed a thousand Philistines.  
His oil painted skin, dry and cracked  
From age.

The last judge of ancient Israel.  
The strongest man of God.  
His faith rested in uncut hair  
His trust, in his woman.

But who is this I see  
that comes with candle lit?  
Who shushes me as if I am complicit.  
What is it I see in Delilah's hand?  
Why does the strong warrior look weak?

*No!* I want to scream  
*Wake Up! Wake Up, Dammit!*  
But the damage is done  
And the man who slayed lions  
Has been undone by love and a haircut.

### **Father's Day '03**

I sat at the little table  
Eating cookies with other fathers  
Waiting for a brother who slept in

I watched as they played games  
And read the poems they had written:  
"Daddy I love you  
I love you more than a shoe..."

The fathers tried to include me too,  
They would ask me my favorite movie  
To which I'd say the Lion King  
And start singing Hakuna Matata

When classmates asked where my father was  
I said I didn't know  
Because at that time I wasn't sure  
What street Heaven was off of  
And I couldn't say what was holding him up

And when the other fathers left  
And my brother didn't show  
I started to realize  
Maybe Mufasa wasn't coming back.

## Odessa

Dry eyes stung as I picked out  
The obsidian crumbles that had  
Seeped through fogged goggles.

Crawling out into the West Texas sun,  
My skin protected by the layers of dirt and oil  
Which once belonged to a radiator,  
Now painted onto my face and beard.

The heat melted me.

Sweat dripped on brown dirt,  
Black, like watercolors on paper.

The air was suffocating.

And I learned that water only helps  
So much when it evaporates before lunch time.

As I sat, dehydrated and dazed  
I saw two dogs with beards of porcupine quills  
Leaving bloody sand behind them.

And I soon came to realize  
why they called this place Odessa.

## home

It was a Friday,  
or was it Thursday?  
You were walking  
ten paces ahead  
and I had stopped  
to tie my shoe

We had just  
graduated and  
you wanted to  
say goodbye to the sky blue  
streets called

home

I ran to catch  
up but you  
were stopped  
at the planetarium off E Franklin  
waiting

under the shadow  
of the dial's needle  
You said you  
Loved me and  
I held my  
cross

You went to  
Seattle and I

I'm sorry

Four years go  
by and the air  
has changed

The old well  
spouts proud  
colors and the  
chapel on the  
hill hoists an

ally flag

Today I stepped Out on a  
rainbow  
crosswalk and it seemed to fit me nicely  
I think you  
would like it here  
with me

home